

CARE OF CARPETS.

A Manufacturer Tells How Floor-Coverings May Be Preserved.

"Because a carpet is put on the floor and is made to walk on, that is no reason why it should be neglected or abused," said a manufacturer of fine carpets, to a group of visitors, who were admiring the beautiful designs and fine quality of workmanship which the establishment was turning out. "Although you may say that it is good for the trade, yet it always hurts my feelings to see a really handsome carpet misused. I think many people are careless about them, because their attention has never been called to the subject, and they do not realize that a little careful management will make a great difference in the wear of all floor coverings. The ordinary carpet lining is absolutely worthless as a protection from the sand and grit which works through the carpet, and it really does more damage than all the other causes put together. The carpet itself is, to some extent, open, at least will allow the finer particles of sand to pass through it. Of course, these collect on the smooth surface of the paper-lining and can go no farther. Here they remain, and every step taken across the carpet is just so much steady grinding on the back. In body Brussels this is a matter of great importance, as in this grade of goods the wool is woven through and appears on the back of the carpet. Of course, all the grinding cuts the wool loose and wears it out, and when sweeping-day comes, the housekeeper wonders why her carpet is all sweeping to pieces and blames the manufacturer. "For this reason, carpet should frequently be taken up, especially in localities where sand abounds. Indeed, fine grit and dust discolored and wear all carpets very seriously. A carpet to give the best satisfaction should be taken up at least once in six months and thoroughly beaten to free it from gritty particles which lodge in the corners back of the fabric. It may then be relaid and thoroughly cleaned with naphtha or soap-suds, depending on circumstances. If there are sticky spots, they must be removed with water. All grease spots may be treated with the naphtha. To do this to the best advantage, take a pan containing a quart or so of naphtha, and with a scrubbing brush, go rapidly over the carpet, a small piece at a time. As fast as it is scrubbed have an assistant ready with a soft cloth to absorb whatever of the fluid may be possible. Then cover the clean part closely with a cotton cloth or an old comforter. This is done in order to prevent too rapid evaporation, which might cause streaks. "As the work advances the cloths may be drawn away gradually, leaving the clean part exposed to the air. Two sheets or comforters will be quite enough for this purpose. If spots appear after the carpet has once been gone over, repeat the process where necessary. "It is often the case that a grease spot will be removed from the extreme outside of the fabric, but will almost immediately strike through again as soon as the surface is dry. Several applications might be necessary to effectually remove such soiled spots. In case it is necessary to use soap-suds, it should be applied in small quantities as may be required to take out the stickiness. Canly or other sweets make spots which naphtha will not remove. If there are any spots at all on the carpet, merely a naphtha bath will brighten the colors amazingly, and pays well for the trouble. "When it is not thought necessary to take the carpet from the floor, a thorough brushing with suds or naphtha will improve its appearance very greatly. When coal fires are used, it is well to take the utmost pains that no particles of coal are dropped on the carpet, even though they may be picked up at once, the dust from them being almost certain to leave a mark; and if stepped on and crushed, the particles may be most dangerous sort of grit, as the sharp edges will cut the body of the goods out very quickly. Large rugs should be placed in front of stoves and grates, and when ashes must be taken up, a thick paper or a piece of oil cloth will do to spread in front of the stove. This will be a great safeguard to the carpet. Prudence will make more difference in the durability of a carpet than the thoughtless and careless are willing to admit. Indeed, I think it not too much to say that one-third of the injury to floor coverings is due wholly to carelessness and indifference."—N. Y. Ledger.

A Pet Beaver

A tame beaver kept by soldiers at a fort in Wyoming became quite famous for his sagacity. Caught while working and perfectly tamed, he became very docile and a great favorite at the fort. The little fellow could never be cured of his instinct to build dams, and it is related that he once undertook to dam the Platte river, working for months all night long, and returning to the fort every morning at sunrise. He cut down quite a number of trees, but life proved to be short for the completion of his plans. While around the fort he was constantly turning over every kind of vessel that contained water and collecting sticks to head it off as a flowed away. One night, by oversight, the beaver was locked up in the warehouse, and during the night, in nosing around, he discovered a ten-gallon can of molasses that had been left uncovered. The discovery proved his doom. The next day he was found gasping for life, having been caught in the sticky mass as the can was overturned. He never recovered from the shock, and was tenderly buried in the presence of a large circle of his friends.—Golden Days.

The Orientals who come to New York keep up the customs of their country, to some extent. Two poor Syrians in this city recently paid a visit to an Effendi in his office. As soon as their shoes, saluted and entered the office in profound humility. There are amusing stories in Washington about the formalities practised by Hassan Ben Ali and his retinue from Morocco during their recent visit to the White House in Washington. When Hassan approached President Harrison he bent his head, placed his eyes on the floor, and saluted majestically, while the members of his suite remained prostrate during the whole of the interview.



ING out the joy bells! Once again With waving flags and rolling drums We greet the Nation's Birthday, when In glorious majesty it comes. Ah! day of days—alone it stands: While, like a halo round it cast, The radiant work of patriot hands. Shines the bright record of the past.

Among the nations of the earth What land has story like our own? No thought of conquest marked her birth: No greed of power was ever shown By those who crossed the ocean wild That they might plant upon her sod A home for peace and virtue mild. And alters now to Freedom's God.

How grand the thought that bade them roam, Those pilgrim hands by faith inspired. That bade them leave their cherished home And, with the martyr spirit fired, Guide their frail vessels over the main Upon the glorious mission bound. On alien soil a grave to find, Or else a free-born nation found.



What land has heroes like to ours? Their names are as the lightning's gleams When on the darkling cloud that lowers In blinding majesty it streams. Great Washington, the man of faith, Who conquered doubt with patient might; Warren and Putnam true till death, The "Swamp Fox" eager for the fight.

See Major Molly's woman hand Drive home the numerous cannon-ball; How bravely Lydia Darnach planned, For home and country risking all. Forgotten lists and without end— Forgotten were both sex and age; Their names in radiant letters stand And shine like stars on history's page.

Like stars to light the firmament And show the world what men may do Who as God's messengers are sent And to their mission still are true. No rest had they to seek or gain; Their work was there before their sight; These lay their duty stern and plain. To dare and suffer for the right.

The right that conquered, and whose power Is shown in our freedom and today; Shown in this bright and prosperous hour When peace and plenty gild our way; Shown in the glorious song that swells The hearts of men from south to north, And in its rapturous accents tells The story of our glorious Fourth.

—Mary E. Vandine, in Christian Union.



MELANCTHON'S FOURTH. GR UNEXPECTED SURRENDER. (Original.)

WOULDN'T mind help the fellow out, but I don't like fightin' women," remarked the postmaster of the little prairie settlement to the group gathered in the semicircularness of the store.

"But the government survey shows it's his," drawled a nasal voice that seemed to be in discord with the summer evening. "An' Lank is deservin' of bein' helped," piped up the horse-trader, Ambsbush.

"Still it goes agin the grain," and the postmaster shook his head as he pulled tighter the strap of the single mail pouch that came to New Basel. "Of course, this here Englishwoman hain't no right to the strip of land nor th' hay on it, but Lank is askin' a good deal when he wants us ter turn in an' help him jerk th' crop into his barn in th' night."

"And on the Fourth of July, too," added Ambsbush. "Still you know he promised to treat us white when th' job was done. Hark! as a step was heard outside."

In a moment a comely woman's form appeared outlined against the darkness of the night. The men looked at one another sheepishly, but she did not notice them and walked straight to the rude counter. "A quarter of a pound of rat poison," she almost whispered, so gentle was her voice.

Silently the storekeeper put it up for her and then she was gone. There was a rattle of pony's hoofs outside before anyone spoke. It was Ambsbush. "What d'ye think now?" he asked triumphantly.

"Goin' ter pizen him," drawled the nasal voice. "She's a better go," admitted the storekeeper. "I don't like Lank in the right."

There was a little council of war and then the door was shut and a half dozen forms cantered away across the dusky plain toward farm-house lights twinkling in the distance. The widow's inopportune errand had decided her fate at their hands and they had agreed to help out their comrade.

Melancthon did not belie his nickname, Lank. He was long, bony and ungainly. He had been the only bachelor in the little colony when it came out from the Ohio to the western country, and had never married. He had taken up a claim like the rest and lived on it alone.

A few weeks previous the Englishwoman had purchased the adjoining quarter section and claimed the handsome wedge-shaped piece of bottom land which the government survey by

an error had left unaccounted for. Melancthon had always used this strip and was bound to keep possession. The Widow Morley had hired the grass cut and stacked while her opponent was called to the county seat, sixteen miles away, by jury duty; and now he purposed a flank movement, assisted by his friends. The following evening the hay should stealthily be transferred to his own barn.

Melancthon rose early on the morning. He took down a tattered flag which had done service in the old training days and hung it against the wall. He decked himself in a red sash and a blue army coat with brass buttons and after dinner started out for a stroll.

It was intensely sultry with banks of white clouds floating aimlessly here and there across the electric blue sky. He rambled toward the disputed land, thinking, and chucking as he thought, how nearly he would outwit his enemy.

His heavy boots swished through the uncut grass before reaching the mowed section. "Cold day when anybody gets ahead of me," he mused, "an' to-day ain't chilly. Mighty good time to declare my indepen—well, what's that?"

A chilly breeze rose from the bending grass and windmills before him, almost at his very feet. It turned and a round, babyish face looked up into his bronzed and harsh one.

"Well, little one, where did you drop down from?" "From mamma's house," replied a sweet, girlish voice, "it's lonesome over there an' I runned away."

"Who is your mother?" "Just mamma. Are you a soldier?" The child took in with eager glances the semi-military appearance of Melancthon's attire.

"No, I'm not to-day," "Why are you doing that?" "Don't you know? It's Fourth of July when we kicked the Brits—didn't you ever celebrate?"

"No," replied the little one, "let's do it." The settler was puzzled yet attracted by this odd little creature before him. He could not imagine where she had come from, as he knew of no such children in the neighborhood. He offered to take her back to his cabin, but she refused to go and insisted that he bring the materials for a celebration to her and hold the proceedings there in the midst of the prairie.

Finally, away he trudged back to the cabin, leaving her watching his course with wondering eyes. He took the flag from the wall and resurrected from among some old keepsakes a few firecrackers and torpedoes. There was an



HE TURNED BACK THE BIG BLUE COAT.

old rifle there and he took that also and putting together a lunch he started to find his audience.

A comical figure did Melancthon make plodding through the palpitating air. It had grown sultrier and the clouds were moving faster, but he did not notice it. A full-throated Bob White balanced himself on a broken sunflower stalk and called to the eager traveler, but he heard not. There was mingling with the image of the little one waiting yonder thoughts of a sun-faced sister who back in the old boyhood days had played with him by the waters of Lake Erie. He had scarcely thought of her for years, and now the old pang that nearly broke his boyish heart when she was taken from him and laid to rest came back again.

A peary drop twinkled on his beard as he leaned over the child. "Are you crying?" she asked, noticing it.

"No—no—it's mighty hot an' I sweat easy," was his gruff response as he rattled the rifle and threw the flag on the sod.

"Now, we'll eat first and then celebrate." So he spread the bread and butter and poured out the creamy milk, and soon they were meeting on the common level of appetite. It seemed more and more to the grizzled settler as if those five youngsters had dropped from his shoulders, and he ate with the gusto of a boy.

"Now for the celebration," he exclaimed when the lunch was finished. "It won't be a big one such as they have over ter th' city, but it'll be just as lively fer its size."

A dry sunflower stalk, a remainder of the previous year's weed-growth, served as a flagpole, and upon it the tattered banner was hoisted. The wind was variable and the flag veered from side to side, uncertain which way to extend its folds.

Melancthon showed his charge how to fire the crackers, and shook with laughter at her gay cries of half-startled excitement. Then he allowed her to break the torpedoes against his great rough boots and enjoyed her wonder that he did not flinch from the ordeal.

Then, when there were no more explosions possible, she sat down beside her entertainer, and he played on a fiddle the old marching "Yankee Doodle," "America," and other patriotic

learned "em when I was young," he explained, spreading the big blue army coat to make her more comfortable, "an' I ain't played in a good while." Then, while her early head rested against his arm he told her of those times when he was young, which to-day

seemed very near to him, of the little sister dear, of the celebrations, of the war and of the fearful battles. The curly head nodded, and nodded, and nodded, and when the story-teller looked for the big blue eyes they were hidden. The child was asleep.

At the same moment he noticed that great cloud-masses were rising in the southwest and north.

"Fourth of July always ends in a rain," muttered Melancthon. "They say it's on account of th' gunpowder. Guess that's what's the matter now," and he showed his teeth grimly. "Well, there's no time to waste. If a cyclone's comin' th' haystack's as good a place as any."

Carefully wrapping the child in the huge coat on which she lay, and depositing the little burden in his strong arms and set out for the stack on the disputed land, only a score of rods away.

The clouds above them were nearly together now, and though the wind came from the north, the storm from the south was whirling madly to meet its adversary. It was growing dark, and it was evident that the typical prairie "twister" was to be born in a moment.

A Melancthon ran with his light bundle of humanity toward the stack he was suddenly conscious of another person approaching the same possible shelter. It was a woman, and it did not take a second glance to show him that it was his rival for the possession of the land on which they both stood.

The first pattering drops of rain came from the blackness overhead just as both reached the goal.

"My little Jane!" gasped the woman. "She is lost—have you seen her?" "No'm; that is—" started Lank in a bewildered manner.

"Oh! what shall I do? She will be killed in the storm. She left the house two hours ago when I did not see her and I have looked everywhere for the child."

A sudden inspiration came to the abashed man. He turned back the lapel of the big blue coat and exposed the peaceful, pretty face of the sleeping child.

The delighted mother impetuously leaned down and kissed the red cheeks and then said in that low, sweet voice: "Thank you so much."

"That's all right. That's all right," jerked out the man, and putting the child away he began to dig out of the leeward side of the stack great handfuls of hay, making a spacious recess to shelter them.

The drenching shower was upon them. The air was full of flying debris—

UNAPPRECIATED ORATORY.

He Meant Well, But Somehow Failed to Entertain His Hearers.

A long, lonesome man, who was most all nose and linen duster, and who had no doubt been "inspired" by that fluid which biteth like a serpent, called a crowd around him at the foot of Woodward avenue and began:

"Fellow patriots—To-morrow is the glorious Fourth of July. Let your banners wave! Let the welkin ring with your shouts of victory! The haughty British government attempted to—"

"Hold on, there!" shouted one of the crowd. "Don't you say a word agin the English or off goes your head!" "Well, then, a certain European government put its foot—"

"Name your foot," shouted a second man. "Don't throw no slurs on France!" "And deaf he means Sherman I can lick him!" added a third.

"Very well, let us skip that. This government declared its independence, and on a hundred battlefields shed its precious blood to—"

"There weren't fifty fights in the whole revolutionary war!" shouted a man.

"All right; reduce my figures then. At Bunker Hill the proud tyrant was hurled to the dust amidst the victorious cheers of the colonists."

"Not much!" called a voice. "We fought 'em at Bunker Hill, but lost the day." "Well, maybe we did," continued the orator, "but turn to the picture of Washington at Valley Forge. In rags, poorly armed—freezing in the wintry blasts, our gallant army met and defeated four times their number."

"What a whopper!" shouted half a dozen men in chorus. "There was no battle at all at Valley Forge."

"There wasn't?" "No, sir." "Very well, I cease. I quit. I subside. It is evident that oratory is an unknown quantity in this town, and that patriotism is dead. Who'll treat to the lemonade?"—Detroit Free Press.

Glorious Fourth of July.

Oh, gracious, what fun! Every one should come out. Get your cannon and gun. Swish, bang! there, look out!

See the sparks and flashes. Get away—give us room! Wow, the terrible crashes! Swish! crack! bang! Bang! boom!

"Fact is, fellers," he began, "independence day didn't prove exactly a success with me in one respect. I've surrendered ter th' enemy."

"A pretty day ter give up to th' Brits," ejaculated Ambsbush, in mock scorn. "Well the British also surrendered," put in the woman.

"And th' treaty will be signed to-morrow if th' preacher can be found," added Melancthon. "You're all invited ter th' wedding an' if you feel like haulin' th' hay ter th' barn you can do it."

"I spose we'll have ter go," remarked the postmaster, when, accompanied by Melancthon, they had returned to the store. "I only hope she won't put any of that medicine she got into our coffee."

Lank laughed. "She told me about that—it was ter kill wolves, they scared her so around the cabin."

"It may have been a mighty interesting Fourth for Lank," drawled he of the nasal tones, as, with his comrades, he started homeward across the prairie, "but th' next time there's a war I want ter see some fightin' before there's a surrender."

CHARLES MORRIS HARGER.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOLIDAY.

A Plea for Its More Serious and Thoughtful Commemoration.

The Fourth of July is par excellence the great American holiday. With the exception of Thanksgiving, there is no other holiday that has a distinctively American history, and our harvest festival is still more provincial in New England than national. If for no other reason than that it has a character so distinctively and uniquely national we honor Independence day, and desire to see its observance deepened as well as widened. We have an impression that, as at present observed, it is a decidedly shallow and superficial holiday.

We have enough of the celebration, such as it is; but it is not good enough, what there is of it. There is no lack of fireworks and the bonfires, no crying need for more excursions or longer processions, or more brilliant fireworks; but every earnest American feels a lack of serious purpose, and of incentive to a truer patriotism underneath the annual hullabaloo of July 4. We do not object to the noisy firecracker, or even the tin drum band, but we will not take unkindly any infringement of our morning nap after midnight of July 3; but why cannot a part of the day be set aside by general consent, and dedicated to something beside the topedo and the rocket, and the equally pyrotechnic Fourth of July speech of the normal pattern? Why cannot some such impression as usually accompanies the recurrence of Forefather's day characterize Independence day? Why cannot we have more Woodstock celebration, where our best orators discuss matters of living importance to the perpetuity of the republic? Why cannot we have such celebrations as will lead at least the thoughtful young men and women to ask as this midsummer festival recurs: "Am I a better citizen than I was a year ago?" "Am I doing my duty as a patriot as well as a Christian?"

A nation's holidays are more characteristic of the national life than any others of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. What testimony to the life of the American people is borne by the Fourth of July? We commend the question to our national leaders and fathers. Cannot something be done to deepen and intensify the spirit of Independence day?—Golden Rule.

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RASH PROMISES.

A Few Extracts from Mr. Depew's Nominating Speech.

In promises the republican orators and platform makers were actually extravagant to the point of recklessness. Mr. McKinley in his address and Mr. Foraker in his platform claimed and promised everything.

Mr. Depew in his nominating speech defined the principles of the republican party and pointed to Mr. Harrison as the best exponent of those principles. Thoroughly to understand the platform adopted we must interpret by the address made before its adoption by Mr. McKinley and the address made after its adoption by Mr. Depew.

Furthermore, the battle will be fought over the platform. The issues for 1892 are not personal, they are political. The republican nominations are of a character to command the respect of the people, and they will be beaten, if beaten at all, by elucidating the principles of the republican platform and by showing how these principles run counter to the welfare of the American people.

The course of the republican party

product of unexampled labor, the returns for this labor are diminished by the vicious system of tariff robbery. There has been a vast increase in the number of failures and immense losses and stagnation throughout the country. We have been saved from financial collapse by a combination of circumstances that we cannot hope to have repeated, and we retain to-day a portion of the currency of the world only because, as happens not once in ten years, the nations of Europe this year needed bread more than they needed gold.

Neither the platform reported by Mr. Foraker, nor the claims advanced by Mr. Depew, will enlighten the judgment or satisfy the conscience of the American people.—Louisville Courier Journal.

UNFORTUNATE MR. REID.

He Has Incurred the Enmity of Organized Labor.

Mr. Reid, who may be remembered as the republican candidate for the vice presidency, fares ill at the hands of the typographical union. He succeeded in gaining the approbation of a small committee and silencing in the convention

THE REPUBLICAN SITUATION.



The workman is ready to throw off the crushing load of taxation, while the Republican opposition to Harrison and the union opposition to Reid are great weights on the candidates.—Detroit Free Press.

has not been changed by the nomination of Harrison and Reid. It is the party of plundering paternalism, of blundering financiering, of class legislation; the party of extravagance, intolerance and greed, the party which formulated the force bill, appropriated in two years over a billion dollars, fostered trusts, established subsidies, increased the tariff and dissipated the surplus.

"The republican party," said Mr. Depew, "must appeal to the conscience and judgment of the individual voter of every state in the union. But in its platform the republican party makes no such appeal. On the contrary, its expectations of success seem to be born of a belief that conscience has been eliminated from politics, and that the judgment of every individual voter is controlled by his greed and rapacity."

"Germany and England, and the United States has become one of the powers of the world."

"We favor," says Mr. Foraker in the platform, "the maintenance of the most friendly relations with all foreign nations, and an entente cordiale with none." Yet our whole relation with Samoa is due to an entangling alliance with Germany and England for the purpose of governing Samoa without the consent of the people of Samoa.

"The Behring-sea question, which was an insurmountable obstacle in diplomacy with Cleveland and Bayard, has been settled upon a basis which sustains America's position until arbitration shall have determined our right," declares Mr. Depew. As a matter of fact, the Behring-sea question is in exactly the position left it by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bayard, and the question to-day is the same as then, with the difference that the pending arbitration has been agreed to under conditions that make a retreat almost inevitable.

"The navy is rebuilt upon lines that will protect American citizens, American interests and the American flag all over the world," is the proclamation of Mr. Depew. But this rehabilitation of the American navy was inaugurated under Cleveland's administration. Under the republican presidents and their nominees notwithstanding the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, the American navy had been practically destroyed by robbing contractors, and the first steps in the construction of a modern navy were taken during the administration of Mr. Cleveland. All that has been done since is to execute the policy then formulated.

"The public debt has been reduced," says Mr. Depew; "maturing bonds have been paid off." As a matter of fact, maturing bonds have not been paid. They have been reissued and extended. The surplus revenue left at the close of Mr. Cleveland's administration has been dissipated by the billion-dollar congress. The resources of the treasury department have been frittered away. The successor of Mr. Harrison will be face to face with an immense deficit between revenue and expenditures, though the burden of taxation, direct and indirect, is heavier than ever before in our history.

"Unexampled prosperity has crowned wise laws and a wise administration," says Mr. Depew. On the contrary, one-half of the population of America is groaning under the burden of a debt from which they see no hope of relief. Blessed with unexampled crops, the

any suggestion that he was at odds with organized labor, but the mass of typographers appear not to believe in the eleventh hour repentance of the editor of the New York Tribune, whose office has been what in common parlance is called a "rat" office. Union No. 6 at a full meeting repudiated the action of the committee in endorsing Mr. Reid. It is one of the largest organizations of the typographical union, having a membership of something like five thousand. This union formally declared that the organization had never given its endorsement to Mr. Reid, and it indorsed any person for political preference and declined to stand by the action of the committee in endorsing Mr. Reid. The sentiment of the union was expressed by the chairman, who said that "Mr. Blaine, the dearest friend of Mr. Reid, was unable to get him to make his paper a union office when the former was running for president. Now, when he sees a chance to better his own political fortunes, Mr. Reid has bought the printers for sixty pieces of silver. For a paltry sixty dollars a week paid to a union foreman No. 6 is to be bound to our old enemy's chariot wheel."

The typographical union in Philadelphia is considering the advisability of adopting resolutions denouncing Mr. Reid and calling upon the republican party to withdraw his name. And Mr. Reid seems to fare no better among labor union in Chicago. Resolutions to the effect that Mr. Reid is an enemy of organized labor and denunciatory of him for that reason were submitted to the Trade and Labor assembly and have been referred to a committee.

Mr. Reid may be an excellent money getter, and in that respect may meet fully the expectations of the gentlemen who nominated him at Minneapolis, but money getting and vote getting are not synonymous. It is likely that Whitelaw may prove a Jonah.—Chicago Times.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

—The exhortation of the Harrison leaders now is to "get together" and not try to kick the Blaine men out of the party—at least until after the election.—St. Paul Globe.

—Whitelaw Reid will have the contract of reconciling Platt to the administration, but Quay will be left outside the breastworks to lead Warrent Miller company. The administration thinks Pennsylvania can be carried without the aid of Quay.—Detroit Free Press.

—Now that the Vanderbilts have got the presidential candidate they want they will have more time to devote to convincing Kansas, Iowa and the west generally that a farm mortgage is a blessing and that it is a luxury to pay eight per cent. interest on it.—St. Louis Republic.

—Whitelaw Reid wants votes to get him into the vice president's chair. So he suddenly makes the "nonunion" printing establishment of the New York Tribune a "union" printing house for five months and passes around the hat for printers' votes. Rather gauzy!—Buffalo Times.

—The function of a republican candidate for the vice